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# Bray Arts Journal

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Issue 6

April 2012

Volume 17



## Mermaid 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary

Bray Arts was centrally involved in the conception and bringing to fruition what is now the very successful Mermaid Arts Centre.

On this 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary, Nora Hickey and her staff have really excelled themselves with an exciting mix of entertainment for April, May and June.



There is a wonderful line-up of world-class music with Freddie White, Duke Special, Cathy Davey, Albert Lee and the list goes on and on covering a multitude of tastes.

The theatre fans are well catered for with top class drama and dance. Ardal O'Hanlon and David McSavage bring a real edge of excitement to the programme.

And there is an extra special addition to the programme: the Arcadia Festival.

Pick up a Brochure Now!!

Web : <http://www.mermaidartscentre.ie>

Preview of Bray Arts Evening 8:00 pm 2<sup>nd</sup> April 2012  
Upstairs at the Martello, Seafont, Bray  
Adm. €5 / €4 conc.

### Drama : A Visit from Miss Protheroe

Winning One Act Play in the Bray One Act Drama Festival with Best Actor, **Martin Davidson** and best Director, **Derek Pullen**



*Martin Davidson*

Arthur Dodsworth has recently retired. He lives alone except for his budgie and memories of his late wife Winnie. One afternoon his nap is interrupted by the doorbell; his former secretary, Peggy Prothero, has come to visit. A brash, charmless woman who seems to take no pleasure in anything but putting people down, Miss Prothero wants to fill her old boss in on all the changes that have taken place at work since he left. Dodsworth isn't very curious, and as the visit wears on it puts a little

strain on his politeness and patience. Miss Prothero doesn't enjoy it much either, but lingers on as there's a bombshell she wants to drop. The docketing system Dodsworth introduced thirty years earlier, which revolutionised the firm, has been scrapped by her adored new boss Mr Skinner. The crowning achievement of Dodsworth's career has just become obsolete, and she wants to tell him all about it.



*Rosary Morley McPhilips*

Cast: Mr Dodsworth      Martin Davidson  
Miss Protheroe      Rosary Morley McPhilips

Director                  Derek Pullen -  
S.M                        Patricia Davidson  
A.S.M                      Anne McElmeel

## Jade Travers Artist and Film Maker

Jade started her journey as an artist as a contemporary dancer, having caught the performance bug from her involvement as a teenager with Counter-Balance; a multi-ability dance group. Forsaking the Leaving Cert she pursued a passion for movement and studied contemporary dance. She went on to work with IMDT and Daghda getting to work and collaborate with dance practitioners John Scott, Yoshiko Chuma, Steve Paxton, Terry Creach and

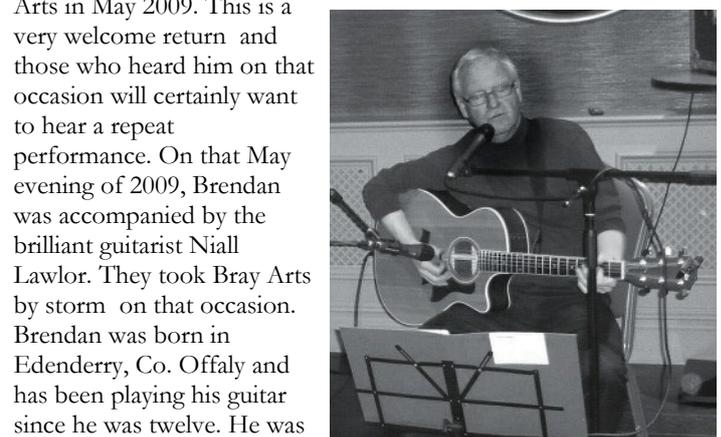


*Jade Travers*

many others, all of which were to inform her creative vision.

Jade decided to encompass her interests in other medium's music, writing, photography and design into doing a degree in Film and Video production at the National Film School where she specialised in Directing in her final year during which she won a Kodak student commercial award for a commercial she directed. Jade set up RadicallyCurious Productions after leaving college to produce and direct independent pieces. Jade has gone on to produce and direct test commercials, music videos, experimental film and dance films. 'The Evelyn Tables', a dance film made by 3Angle Productions is a film that explores commodification of the human body and was screened at 'Dance on Screen' in the lighthouse cinema during Dublin Dance Festival 2010 and as part of screenings during the Cork Film Festival 2010. Jade's intention is to continue creating everything and anything that captures her imagination, which could be anything!

**Music:** Brendan Glennon, singer/songwriter, performed at Bray Arts in May 2009. This is a very welcome return and those who heard him on that occasion will certainly want to hear a repeat performance. On that May evening of 2009, Brendan was accompanied by the brilliant guitarist Niall Lawlor. They took Bray Arts by storm on that occasion. Brendan was born in Edenderry, Co. Offaly and has been playing his guitar since he was twelve. He was big into music in the 70's but it took a back seat to his career in pharmacy and raising a family. On the death of his life-long friend and fellow musician in 2001, Brendan was spurred on to write his own material. In 2006 he collaborated with the well known producer Pat O'Donnell resulting in a beautiful album called The Final Bell. If you want a taster of Brendan Glennon's music then log onto [www.myspace.com/brendanglennonmusic](http://www.myspace.com/brendanglennonmusic)



*Brendan Glennon*

Front Cover : **Rose Rain with Thorns** - drawing by **Lorraine Whelan** - see next page for Review of Lorraine's Presentation at Bray Arts Evening

## Review of Arts Evening 5th March

Art, poetry, music and more music provided the night's programme for the Bray Arts at the Martello on the 5th. First up was the familiar face of **Lorraine Whelan**. Born in Toronto, Lorraine has been a fixture on the Bray Arts scene since 1988, dividing her time between Ireland and her Canadian homeland. Her first solo show was in Temple Bar in 1989, featuring the series *Sweeney Amongst the Roses*. Inspired by Heaney's poem the drawings are a sensual, original take on the mythology. Lorraine provided a detailed narrative on her artistic development, her physical and metaphysical exploration of the country, its heritage and humanity. Obsessed with the ancient landscape, another series was based on ringforts from the remote and wild Iveragh peninsula. The range of her visual expression shows an artist who thinks



*Lorraine Whelan*

about her various projects, rather than attempting to impose a one-style-fits-all solution. Her series on cows was humorous and evocative, the loss of a loved one triggered an emotional tribute. The start of her own family brought a new set of imagery, gentle and loving. There was a sense of work coming full circle as she spoke of seeing the world through a child's eyes, tunneling back to her own youth through family photographs and exploring the big personal issues of memory, family and time.

Next was poet **Kerri O'Brien** reading her short, sharply observed poetry. Drawing on her collection, *Out of the Blueness*, she wove an intimate atmosphere, richly textured with memory and aspirations.



*Kerri O'Brien*

She told us she had recently returned from Paris which might evoke envy on the one hand but is a tough arena for the young performer. I'd be sure Kerrie handled it with aplomb. Quiet and confident, she kept her introductions as concise as her work. On one occasion she opined "I put out fires by looking at them." The other way round, I would think. She kindles the type of fire which Yeats might have referred to being 'as cold and passionate as the dawn'. One of her last poems *Spark*, sums it up: 'If all goes to hell/Let's say it was worth it/Cos we have

fire/We have fire/And I want it to burn.'

The poems seemed like small bites but were much more substantial than snacks. Each parcel conveyed a bigger story; love, longing, death and war all featured. In the end there's a hint of perfection, the closing of the circle as she contemplated in *Moving*: 'If I go before you/Remember to bury me here/It's the only place my bones/Will lie still.'

**Cloak and Dagger** snuck up on us to close the first half. Niall Cloak is no stranger to us, but stranger than most. His oddly normal sidekick, Kevin McNamara, burned while Cloak fiddled,

contributing harmonium when dischord threatened. With curly hair, specs, beards and duffel coats all that was needed was a time machine, a layer of thick smoke and we'd be happily transported



*Cloak & Dagger*

back to halcyon days, the days before music was safe and predictable. A standout was the smoldering version of the *West's Awake*, both of them giving it yards before an emotive finale. At last, two creamy pints appeared on a tray, courtesy of Peter Growney (more time travel) and this was a cue for the last number. Were they a tight couple. Not yet, not quite, but in the best possible way.

Headlining the night were **Coddle**. A spicy white stew from aul Dublin, a bit like the dish really. In fact Coddle are a local brew, combining Irish traditional, contemporary music and a slice of American folk and blues. **Niall Cloak** was back again with his guitar and fiddle, **Paul Doyle** on bodhran and vocals and **Linda Ferguson** on whistle, guitar and vocals.

They obviously enjoy each others company and that's infectious - we enjoyed their company too. The first part of the set leant towards Irish traditional and ballad. There are echoes of Luke Kelly and Ronnie Drew in the raucous male vocals, especially Niall's wild reading of *Take 'Em up to Monto*. Linda meanwhile, balanced the frontal assault with her subtle, but strong contributions. Her vocal on *Will Ye Go Lassie Go* perfectly illustrated her talent, a voice



*Niall Cloak, Linda Ferguson, Paul Doyle*

without pretence or facet yet full of natural warmth and depth. This is the type of voice that comes naturally out of the country and is true to what we are. The vowel warblers of current fashion take note!

With *Galway Girl* the set took a contemporary turn, showing that we can add songs to our rich folk repertoire. *Duelling Banjos* and *Hit the Road Jack* followed, providing an American aspect and a quick whistle stop tour of music's world heritage sites. Coddle can certainly straddle the world of folk music, making the old new again. John Fogerty's *Proud Mary* brought a cheerful, rockin' finale; Cajun swamps and steamboat gamblers were all in the mix - but that's Bray for you.

**Shane Harrison**

*Photographs :Aoife Hester*

## Flight

*for Rita*

by Eddie Tynan

You were a bird of passage seeking the light,  
Manchester a promised land.  
Before the snow's melting  
You had flown,  
Without a sign, without a warning.

I followed later by Robertstown canal,  
Your aunt refusing to give me your address,  
Saying you were married,  
That it wouldn't be right.  
Why did you leave  
Without a word, without a whisper?

The bus I boarded was a hearse I rode,  
Hearing your voice in the cry of a Dublin flower-seller:  
Forget-me-nots only two-and-six a bunch,  
Echoing loss.

Sixty years have followed since you left  
Without a word, without a footnote,  
Only the beating of your fledgling wings  
Ascending into light.

## Summer of Love

*for Ann*

by Eddie Tynan

It was a summer dance  
of Pierrot games and promenades,  
aligning stars that couldn't avert  
our souls' collision.  
Ten years on you told  
how your Donegal grandmother  
had read it in the leaves of a ruptured teabag  
a week before you taxied a plane to Ireland  
in search of your roots.  
Sometimes now it seems like it never happened,  
that fateful meeting on Bray promenade  
in that summer of seventy-six, the warmest on record.  
We knew we had it all to play for when we fell in love.  
We ran with it, little knowing that we were juggling  
with all of our tomorrows,

the future, a house un-lived in, a blank cheque.

We played hard and fast in that summer of golden chance,  
petulant in our throw of the dice.

When we thought it couldn't get better, it did.

With summer's waning we folded our tent.

We dismantled our sun and moon, our pom-pom embossed  
silks,

our natty shoes wearing the dust of our last masquerade.

Wandering the shore-line past deserted arcades, boats

shrouded in tarpaulin,

ghost figures in a fading Mardi-gras,

your seaward gaze betraying your longing for homeland,

your Buffalo, your "beautiful river".

*Note: Buffalo is the Indian word for Beautiful River.*

**Eddie Tynan** is a native of Bray. He is the author of two books, *In the Shadow of Bray Head* and *Haunted Bray*. He has also written for stage and radio. He currently lives with his wife in Bray.

## Love surfs the waves

by Máire Morrissey-Cummins

Wrapped in the warmth of a June night  
under the light of scintillating stars,  
you point to the Milky Way,  
my gaze follows yours  
as I catch the moon in your eyes.

We walk hand in hand on the beach,  
our whispers sprinkle the dim light.  
Your smooth embrace tickles my face,  
tumbles my hair,  
tingles my toes  
beneath an ebony sky.

The candy-sweet scent of Valerian \*  
weaves with the salty sea breeze.

It entangles our love,  
unravels it  
in the pulse of the waves  
and binds us forever  
in the surging surf.

\*Valerian is a hardy perennial with heads of sweetly scented pink or white flowers which bloom in the summer months.

# Dead Cert

By James Corcoran

It was a cold damp moonless night as 'Mixer' left the pub, pulled the collars of his coat up tight, grabbed his bike, locked the dynamo against the tire and headed off into the night. The lamp glowed faintly, brightening as he built up speed. Soon the little beam danced to and fro on the road ahead leading him homeward. He had gone less than a half of a mile when he stopped and tossed the bike against an old wooden gate. Grunting, he unbuttoned his flies and began to piss. It was then he first heard it, music like no other. It seemed to come from the ten acre field. He clambered on to the gate, slipped and fell face down on the other side. 'Shite' he groaned as he felt the warm blood trickle down his nose. Struggling to his feet something caught his eye. In the darkness he could see small dancing figures backlit by the flames of an open fire.

'Jaysus Leprechauns!'

Wiping his nose in his sleeve he approached them. As he neared, he got down on all fours, covered his face with his coat and inched forward. How he cursed the fact he had never listened in school, but he could recall O' Donnell the long lanky drip of a schoolmaster telling the class, that a leprechaun must be caught by the beard and never let out of one's sight. He had scoffed at the absurdity of the man.

'Well you might laugh Mooney, but some day that smirk will be on the other side of your face!'

He wasn't laughing now, he had one chance and wasn't about to squander it.

Mixer sobered up as he stealthily neared the fire. He could see them now, strange little creatures, dressed in colourful jackets and breeches. Some bare foot, others in shiny brogues as they danced around the fire. He noticed one sat on a log slightly adrift from the rest, watching the proceedings and smoking a long bow shaped pipe. Inching forward he grasped the creature as it wriggled and squealed like a pig.

'I have ya me beauty, I have ya!'

Instantaneously the music stopped and the creatures vanished save for the one in Mixer's hands and he was not about to let it out of his sight. It was an ugly scrawny thing with skin like creased leather, beady black eyes and a small rodent like mouth. To Mixer it was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

'Grant me three wishes or I wring your fuck'n neck!'

'Let me go Mixer Mooney or I put a spell on you!'

'Howdya know me name?'

He grabbed the creature by the throat and began to squeeze.

'I want three wishes, do ya hear!'

The creature squealed and struggled, 'one wish is all I can grant' he wheezed.

'I want three!'

Its little black eyes bulged as Mixer continued to tighten his grip.

'I'll grant you a wish!'

He loosened his grip.

'What you humans believe is untrue. We can only grant a single wish, but it must not be material wealth of any kind!'

Mixer shook the creature violently. 'You're lying, you little bastard!'

'It's true! I can grant you happiness, health, a family, but not monetary gain. We leprechauns cannot lie; ask any of my friends!'

Instinctively Mixer looked away. The creature vanished and in its place he held a strange looking root. Mixer cried out in anguish.

'You stupid bastard' and was about to toss the root away when something stopped him. He stood up walked to the fire and held the root over the flames. The skin on his hands began to blister from the intensity of the heat but still he refused to let go.

'I know you're in there, you scabby bastard, and by Christ you'll not get away from me!'

Slowly the root began to burn. Mixer clenched his teeth as he fought the pain. He noticed a strange yellow smoke rise from the burning root, and began coughing as it engulfed him. Then, his world went black.

It was morning when he again opened his eyes. He lay motionless on the dew drenched grass, soaked to the skin, his face bloodied, his hands blistered, trying to recall what had happened. He attempted to sit up but couldn't. He was paralysed and rooted to the spot. Though he tried to scream, not a single sound uttered from his lips.

Hearing laughter he tried to look up. The leprechaun stepped on to his rib cage. The events of the night before returned in a flash. Instinctively he tried to grab it. The creature laughed.

'Don't worry Mixer it's only a spell, you'll not be paralysed for long! I've come to grant you your wish!'

'What's it to be health, happiness, love ... speak to me?'

'A Sack of stones' blurted Mixer!'

'What kind of stones, asked the creature!'

'I dunno, maybe diamonds, rubies, sapphires!'

The creature stamped its foot hard against Mixer's chest.

Mixer gasped.

'Nice try! I told you no material wealth!'

Though Mixer lay motionless, his brain raced, 'what about next Friday's Evening Press?'

'Next Fridays Evening Press?'

'Aye next Friday's Evening Press!'

'Why on earth would you want that?'

Before he could answer he blacked out again.

The sun was high when Mixer again opened his eyes. He was cold and shivering. Gingerly he picked himself up and headed towards the gate. As he climbed over a paper fell from his pocket. He picked it up and glanced at it. The date was Saturday the 14<sup>th</sup> February. Carefully he stuck it back into his pocket and climbed back on to his bike. On his way he met Billy Wall the postman on his rounds. Billy stopped his bike.

‘Christ you look like shite, are you all right?’

‘What date is it Billy’ grunted Mixer?

‘What happened you face and hands?’

‘What’s the fucking date?’

‘The 13<sup>th</sup>! Why?’

Mixer cycled off without bothering to reply.

Billy shouted after him, ‘hey I have a letter for you!’

‘Keep it’ shouted Mixer as he disappeared over the brow of a hill.

Rushing into the cottage he swept the table clean with a swipe of his blistered hand. Mugs and plates smashed against the concrete floor. Gasping for breath he carefully placed the paper on the table and turned to the racing pages. Grabbing a pencil he feverishly began to jot down names. When he had finished he hurried to the chimney breast and retrieved an old biscuit tin. Inside was a wad of notes. He stuffed the money into his sock and dashed out the door.

Two hours later, exhausted, he arrived into Tralee. Tossing the bike beside the church railings he made for the premises of ‘Timmy O’ Sullivan’s Turf Accountant’. Later he entered Malachy Floods and placed some more bets before finally cycling to Kilorglan to offload the last of his savings.

He was in a state of near collapse when he eventually arrived home. He had not eaten all day and gulped some milk directly from the pail before devouring a half eaten loaf and a few scraps of meat. Night was setting in and he lit the oil lamp and turned on the radio.

‘And now the racing results from Lingfield:

2.30 First No 7 ‘Artic Cry’ 7/1  
Second No 3 Wills Way 5/2 Fav.

Mixer rushed to the table and the open newspaper. He began ticking off the results one after the other. His heart pounded with excitement.

‘You beauty! Ya fucking beauty! He ticked off another race, then another.

‘Yes he shouted excitedly. The results were exactly as printed on the page. When finished, he tossed the pencil on the table and did a jig across the kitchen floor .

‘Ever single one! I’m rich! I’m rich.’

Exhausted he sat down and tried to calm himself with a mug of tea. Later he picked up the paper and glanced at the headlines. ‘Plane Crash.... 65 people feared Dead in Valentine’s Day Horror’

He was fascinated to think that perhaps this plane had not yet taken off on its final voyage and that he was the only person in the world who knew its fate. He wondered if he really tried, could he prevent this tragedy. If he cycled down to O’Reilly’s right now and rang the Garda station in Tralee and they in turn rang the airport in London from where the flight was about to take off, could they prevent it in any way? He knew the answer. They would lock him up in some ‘nut house’ and throw away the key. Sipping on his tea, he was browsing through the paper when something caught his eye. His heart pounded in his chest.

In the obituary column he read;

Michael ‘Mixer’ Mooney,  
Suddenly at home  
On Friday 13<sup>th</sup> Feb  
Removal to St Patrick’s church  
7.00pm this evening.

THE END



**James Corcoran** is a member of *Abraxas Writers*. According to his Facebook page he is presently doing a Master’s Degree on ‘the density of distant thoughts’

He was born in Bray and his home is in Óbidos, Portugal. Despite this, he attends *Abraxas* meetings in the Strand Hotel regularly. Don’t ask. It’s complicated, but it may have something to do with *Leprechauns*.

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## Spring and Fall

*To a young child*

Margaret, are you grieving  
Over Goldengrove unleaving?  
Leaves, like the things of man, you  
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?  
Ah! As the heart grows older  
It will come to such sights colder  
By and by, nor spare a sigh,  
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;  
And yet you will weep and know why.  
Now no matter, child, the name  
Sorrow’s springs are the same.  
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed  
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:  
It is the blight man was born for,  
It is Margaret you mourn for.

Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844 - 1889)

## Signal Arts Exhibitions

### Little Bray and St. Fergal's Resource Centres

From Wednesday 11th April to Sunday 22nd April 2012

Signal Arts Centre is delighted to present an exhibition of work by two groups of women from the Little Bray and St Fergal's Resource Centres. It is an exhibition of porcelain painting on various pieces; such as plates, cups, and bowls.



The women have been creating beautiful 'pieces' of art work on various 'bits' of porcelain – thus the title 'Bits and Pieces'. The groups have been engaged in the artistic process

for a number of years now and are looking forward to their first exhibition.

Previously the women have produced their work for themselves, family and friends. It will be an exciting time for the women to present their work to a wider audience both viewing and appreciating their work.



Opening Reception: Thursday 12th April 7pm – 9pm

### 'see no where' – an exploration in porcelain

Exhibition by Elizabeth Petcu & Vicki Sutherland

Tuesday 24th April to Sunday 6th May 2012

Vicki Sutherland and Elizabeth Petcu have recently graduated from Bray Institute of further Education with Higher National Diplomas



Elizabeth Petcu

in Fine Arts, with Ceramic Art as their Specialist Practice. This exhibition will showcase their recent porcelain work.

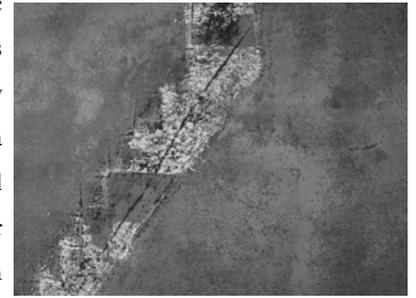
Both artists have exhibited work in several Ceramics Ireland

exhibitions. Elizabeth was awarded the Gallery Zozimus Purchase Award at the Ceramics Ireland juried exhibition 2011. Elizabeth also exhibited in Sculpture in Context 2011, winning a Sculpture in Context Award for her porcelain Ghost Fruit.

Currently working with unglazed porcelain and exploiting its translucent properties, Elizabeth creates forms which when illuminated become almost more exciting inside than outside, defining a space which previously seemed unnoticed.

Vicki's work is based on the theme of Memory and Remembrance

and will feature her architectural series of slip-cast porcelain 'Nama Stairs'. These Escher-like stairs, leading in various directions, but ultimately going nowhere, are a testament to the greed and folly of the Celtic Tiger years. Her thrown porcelain pieces remember discarded



Vicki Sutherland

fragments of patterned china found on beaches in her 'Shards' series, and the small celadon-glazed 'Wave Vessels' celebrate the mark of the maker.

Opening Reception: Friday 27th April 7 p.m – 9 p.m.

## New Books

Always Dalkey

Always the Sea

New and Selected Poems

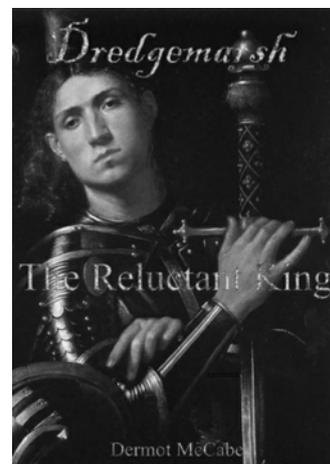
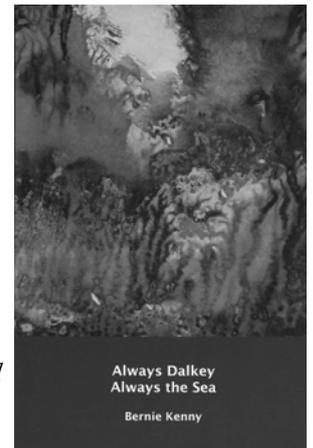
Bernie Kenny

Price: €10

Boland Press

*Bernie Kenny's poetry is a joy to read -skillful, accomplished and compelling and a delicate voice, dignified, yet assured and unafraid.*

**Anne Stewart**



**The Reluctant King**

by Dermot McCabe

A Gothic novel and the 1st of a three part series called **Dredgemarsh**

*This novel is definitely one for the six-fifteen stopping service to Epsom Downs calling at Clapham Junction, Balham, and all stations except St. John.*

**Simon Lake**

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submissions to :

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# Bray Arts Evening Mon April 2nd

Martello, Seafront, Bray Doors Open 8:00pm Adm: €5 /€4 conc. Everyone welcome.

Brilliant line-up of Irish talent in Art, Poetry and Song

Drama : Award winning play **A Visit from Miss Protheroe**

Film: artist and film maker **Jade Travers**

Music: Killing you softly with his songs - **Brendan Glennon**

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